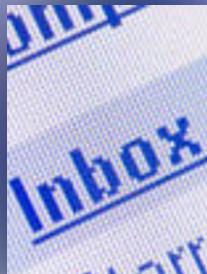




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The Email



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Chapter 1 by SwiftPaw12

Do you ever stop and wonder about how you got to this moment? I mean, really think about it. Think about what did you do that led to you being in this location at this moment.

WHAM

Odds are you don't think about it too much. For the most part, people only think about that kind of stuff if they're in a really bad spot.

BAM

Spots like the one I'm in right now- Tied to a chair, being beaten by people I've never met, for reasons I don't fully understand.

CRACK

That was my jaw. I'm probably going to have to deal with that at some point. I'm sure it will hurt like hell.

Anyway as I sit here getting beaten to a pulp I can't help but think about what led me to being here. I'm almost ready to tell you... See more of Story Wars

[Chapter 2 by SwiftPaw12](#)

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Again and again they swung at me. This was becoming excruciatingly painful, and quite annoying. And it was all because of that email.

Now, you are probably wondering how an email could get me a ticket to get-tied-to-a-chair-and-beaten land. Well, I'll explain that to you as I sit here and get pound to a pulp.

SMASH.

Ow! I think the explanation will have to wait due to the fact the I am going unconscious...

Chapter 3 by Billy Heller



As I drifted between unconsciousness and my bruised delirium, I heard a deep voice from behind me shout "STOP! Don't kill him! I've got questions for him!"

That's the last thing I remember before the darkness consumed me completely.

My mind drifted as I went out, settling on the money. \$250,000! I was rich...rich for me anyways. It was more money than I could comprehend. More money than my father had probably earned in his entire life. And it was just given to me, dropped in my lap.

Of course now, I realize, how naive I was. No one just gives you a quarter million for no reason. And no one sure as hell loses that kind of money without going to look for it later. But I took that check, written in my name, and I cashed it without a second thought. All I cared about was the money. The money was going to change everything!

Of course, unfortunately, it has changed everything. Just not the way I was hoping.

Chapter 4 by Garfield Logan



I woke up in a daze. Covered in blood, of course, with a broken jaw, a few more bruises than I remember having. Except now, to my surprise, there were electrodes attached to my chest. My breathing was shallow and quick as I looked around the room I was in. It seemed as though it

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 3 by Billy Heller

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"So. Mr. Elton. Nice to see you this fine evening."

Not who I had wanted to hear.

"Hello, sir-"

"DON'T SPEAK TO ME!" He yelled, marching up to me. He wore a finely trimmed suit, perfect for spitting blood on. So I did.

"HOW DARE YOU, YOU INSOLENT FREAK!" He yelled, and punch me in the gut. That really hurt.

"WHERE'S MY MONEY, ELMS?" He yelled.

This is probably where I should explain. Him and I happened to have the same first, middle, and last name. I hadn't known of course, when I had cashed in the check, and proceeded to immediately spend it.

"You know..." I managed around the pain in my jaw and stomach.

Chapter 6 by Garfield Logan



"...It's a funny story, Steven. I say spitting out a little more blood onto the ground.

"It's gone." I say, smiling. "Thin air, all gone. Bye-bye. Vamoose." I could see in his eyes he wanted to kill me. And why not? I just ruined him. But he won't. I have the e-mail. I have the password to get to the e-mail. He's just trying to scare me.

Chapter 7 by Lucas Decker



The frustration in his facial expressions amused me, providing me my source of entertainment. He breathed in strongly through his nostrils and breathed back out along with his hands in clenched fists.

"Okay, Mr Elms. Your are going to tell me the password or I will shove this... ugh... ". He quickly scoped the area around him to reveal a baton. My day didn't get any better. "This! I will shove this so hard up your..."

"Okay, I get it" I exclaimed to him. "Have you finished your little baby tantrum now?" I asked, engaging him to get even more angry. Before I could blink again he socked me one straight in the face. I could feel my cheeks already swelling up with purple and brown bruises. I can tell you

...it really hurt. I was so surprised when I fell off the bench, hit my head, and landed with a bang.

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Chapter 8 by wizards&whales



I never knew it would end this way. I never could fathom it when I got an email to my inbox that said it was from, "International Bank of Sweden", with the subject line, "reset password". One of those funny prank emails, I figured. I usually delete them, of course. I've gotten other emails with sketchy links to virus-laden sights like these before. But earlier that day, I had gotten into an argument with my dad. I walked out, drove down the street to the library, where I sat fuming over my laptop, watching an endless supply of "Let's Play" on Youtube. I got an email while watching something, and opened it. "Click this link to reset your password." Oh, okay. Let's do it. Who cares. This could be interesting.

I reset the password. Then, I noticed my bank account, or at least, it said it was my bank account. I decided to send myself a money order check. I had no idea it would actually come in.

And of course, long story short, here I am, face to face with the other Steven Elms, whose bank account I drained by accident. Ish. And he's holding a gun to my face.

"Goodnight, sucker," he whispers to me.

I never knew it would end this way.

Why.

the end

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